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DRAMA

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1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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OUR highly esteemed and rotary fellow-citizen, Mr. TALMAGE, has risen at last to a recognition of the greatest necessity of the age. For some years he has labored with the idea that bewildering athletics were the greatest solace of the truly good pilgrim, and that a cavernous display of ecclesiastical back-teeth was the surest way to make the sinner pause—suggesting to him the infinite possibilities of the bottomless pit. This evangelical method, conjoined with a costly cornet and liberal advertising, has certainly given Satan more trouble than any device known since the closing of Eden. Now, however, a new field has opened, and Mr. Talmage is rampant with zeal and enthusiasm. He has just heard of a colony of sinridden persons on the borders of Salt Lake, who call themselves Mormons, and who, having no friends this side of the Rocky Mountains, are, of course, safe to attack. The more remote and inaccessible an enemy, the more virulent Mr. Talmage is—a quality peculiar also to other fearless men. In this case he is mad to make you shudder. Massacre, extermination, holocaust—these are feeble terms to express the outcome of the Talmagian campaign, as predicted by himself. So earnest is he, that he offers to mount the barbed steed of war and himself lead the van. Without at all desiring to interfere with Mormon extermination, we would cautiously suggest that this would never do. Brother Talmage should keep well to the rear. To exterminate the Mormons properly they must be led into showing fight. Fancy their seeing, first of their foes, the revolving legs and dental grotto which have so frightened all the little devils in Brooklyn! Why, there would be no fight. There would be but a whizz and a streak of dust, and Salt Lake would be empty. No, no—Brother Talmage must not lead.

WE are pleased to note that our highly esteemed contemporary, the New York Times, has ceased to enshrine the verb “to monkey” in aerial commas. This virtually removes the word from the purlieus of slang, legitimizing and giving it enfranchisement among its peers in the lexicon. *Necessitas legis mater*. There existed an abysmal void in our language until this word stepped in. No circumlocution could so properly describe that playful and empirical tampering with danger indulged in by persons who are said to subsequently discover that it is loaded. The Times has been empirical of late. It has gleefully done a very big thing. Let us hope that its earnest recognition of the word “to monkey” is irrelevant to its experience.

OWING to the unfortunate fact that the chips loaned to the Thompson Street Poker Club by Mr. RUBE JACKSON, had been garnisheed by Mr. GUS JOHNSON (see Rule 147, which provides for the payment of I. O. U.'s), the members present last Saturday evening were compelled to play with beans, a limited quantity of which had been thoughtfully secured by the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH while passing a produce store in the late afternoon.

The cards ran well, and as Mr. SMITH himself was responsible for the bank, the betting was unusually brilliant. Mr. SMITH was never in better luck, nor Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS in worse. Notwithstanding the heavy losses of the latter gentleman, however, the supply of beans seemed never to run short, and after several hours of play this excited suspicion in the banker.

“LEMME jess cash up and see how de bank stan's,” said that potentate, after an unusually prodigal burst of beans from Mr. WILLIAMS had startled the players.

Mr. GUS JOHNSON passed in ninety-six beans and got his money.

Professor BRICK had thirty-nine lentils and a half, but consented, after some haggling, to call it plain thirty-nine.

Mr. RUBE JACKSON had seventy-two beans, but owed the bank seventy-five. He settled the difference with coin. All accounts had now been squared except that of Mr. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH emptied the beans into his hat, put the pack into his pocket and made away with the stuffed wallet. Every eye was fixed on Mr. WILLIAMS.

“Look hyar, niggah—whar's de cash for dese beans?” asked that gentleman of the banker.

By way of reply Mr. SMITH emptied the bank upon the table and desired the Committee of the Whole to count it. The return was nine hundred and seventy-two beans. Then said Mr. SMITH, impressively:

“I only had fo' hundred an' sixty beans ter start; I 'se winned all de jackers and mos' ob de stray tussels, an' yet I 'se a dollah fohty-two out. Dis bank's solvent as long's de bettin's squar', but de debbil himse'f cawnt cash agin de man wat's got a umbrella-case full o' beans dribblin from his sleeve. No sah, Dis bank am suspended.”

The Club adjourned.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the New York Sun, has awakened by its ponderous bass Holman drum, a responsive and brotherly toot from the Watseka (Illinois) Times. These are dark days, indeed, for the Republican party. When the Watseka (Illinois) Times boldly joins the Sun in pronouncing for Mr. Holman, it is useless to disguise the fact that the case is settled. It is a foregone conclusion, then, that we are to have Mr. Holman in '84.

“WHEW! Good gracious, let me cool off before you ask me how I did it. Maybe you do n't believe in bull luck now?”—George Hoadly.



### THE ECONOMY OF KEEPING YOUR OWN HORSES.

*Paterfamilias* who has just returned, having been away all Summer: WHY DON'T YOU RIDE YOUR OWN HORSE, JULIA?

*Julia*: WHY! DIDN'T WE WRITE YOU ABOUT HER ACCIDENT? HARRY TRIED TO JUMP A FENCE WITH HER AND SHE FELL, AND GIBSON SAYS SHE WILL NEVER BE GOOD FOR ANYTHING AGAIN.

*Paterfamilias*: GOOD HEAVENS! WHY DIDN'T THE BOOBY RIDE HIS OWN HORSE?

*Julia*: HE SOLD HIM TO PAY HIS COLLEGE DEBTS.

*Paterfamilias*: AND WHAT HORSE IS THIS, PRAY?

*Julia*: OH THIS IS ONE OF THE LIVERY STABLE THINGS WE HAVE BEEN RIDING ALL SUMMER.

*Paterfamilias finds the result of his attempt at economy to be as follows:*

Dr. to Livery Stable,	\$ 472 93
Ruined Pony,	580 00
Difference between sum paid for Harry's horse and what he brought at auction,	391 00
	\$1,443 93

### HER CHARACTER ALBUM.

YOU asked me to write in your album;  
I knew, as I took it away,  
I should always be rueing the folly  
Of what I should probably say.

I must name my pet detestation?  
How can you deny that you knew  
The thing that I dislike most keenly  
Is being disliked by you?

To reveal my most cherished ambition?  
Ah, that's too ambitious to show;  
Beside—you would hardly forgive me  
If I should let every one know.

So to state for which one of the vices  
I am conscious of feeling most ruth,  
I confess, in a character album,  
It would be the concealment of truth.

A. G. W.



## OVERHEARD ON THE STREET.

MRS. A. } as they rush into each other's arms:  
Mrs. B. }

"Oh, you dear creature, I am so glad to see you!  
"Oh, my darling! when did you get back? Looking so  
How've you been all summer? and how's that handsome  
well too! Did you have fun at Mount Desert? Mr. A. as  
husband of yours? Did you like Lenox? Is the baby  
good-looking as ever, I suppose? How's that cherub of a  
well? How many teeth's he got? What a sweetly  
child? Hardly knew you at first, you've grown so much  
becoming bonnet! Why, your hair's bleached almost a  
thinner! Ain't you very much pleased?—and you haven't  
shade lighter, has n't it? But I'm in a tearing hurry!  
got a freckle either! Good-bye, love: I'm just rushing up  
I've been running all 'round to find a cook. Good-bye,  
town after a waitress. Mine's gone away. Do come and  
dear; come-and-see me-soon."  
see me! You-know-my-number!"

(They separate and fly in opposite directions. Time of  
conversation, just twenty-three and one-fifth seconds.)

H. L. S.

## QUOTED.

"Alice is but the truth in masquerade."

BETWEEN the dances, she and I  
Stole softly from the gaslight's glare  
And gossip's ever evil eye,  
And sought a seat upon the stair;  
She, stately as a queen, looked through  
Her satin mask of sombre hue,  
And talked, while breaths of summer blew  
The roses in her hair.

Soft compliments in gentle words  
Slipped lightly from her lips and fell,  
Like music made by merry birds,  
Deep in my heart's strong citadel;  
And I—ah, how I longed to know  
What maiden guessed my secrets so;  
For when I asked her to bestow  
Her name, she would n't tell.

So when for me she had confessed,  
Behind the mask, her heart, I laid  
One hand upon my larboard breast  
And vowed I'd love no other maid;  
Alas, she raised the mask and shut  
The door of Cupid's humble hut,  
And lightly said her words were "but  
The truth in masquerade."

F. D. S.

A TRAVELLER has thus condensed his impressions  
of the two English speaking countries: England,  
cut-tail; America, cocktail.

## HARK FROM THE TOMBS!

OR,

## A WOMAN'S REASON.

A NOVEL, BY

W—M D— H—W—LLS

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## GROAN THE FIRST.

A CAB stopped at No.— Harrison Ave., and a  
young lady got out backwards with that charm-  
ing grace peculiar to the ladies of Boston.

She was tall and slender; not pretty, but interest-  
ing. She toed-in somewhat, and was obliged to wear  
pastern boots to prevent injury from "interfering."  
She was just eighteen, and had been so for quite a  
number of years. Her clothes, considering that they  
were made in Boston, were not so bad as they might  
have been.

Her name was Clara Louise Michel D'Arkness, and  
with a bonnet-box in one hand and a Washington pie  
in the other, she turned to enter the paternal mansion,  
when suddenly the door was opened from within, and  
a policeman stood on the threshold. "Whew!" ex-  
claimed Clara with the dreamy languor of Boston's first  
society. "How you scared me!" The policeman  
smiled and answered, "I've just fetched your Pa  
home; he's got 'em fearful this time, and I put him  
on the sofy in the library."

Clara thanked him cordially and passed into the  
room mentioned, where she found that her father had  
stopped breathing and died, and in consequence, all  
her pretty new summer dresses would have to be dyed  
too, and she naturally felt indignant.

However, after a light lunch of champagne and red  
herrings, she recovered so far as to be able to read a  
letter which she found awaiting her. The letter was  
from Moses Benton. Now Moses was a sort of duplex  
elliptic foster-brother of Clara's. He had been found  
one morning floating in a basket on the doorstep, to-  
gether with a letter of introduction which proved him  
to be a member of such an old and distinguished  
Boston family that Mr. D'Arkness at once adopted  
him.

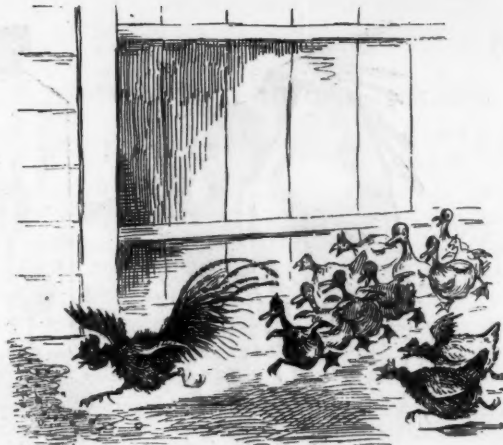
Moses was at present in the U. S. Navy, and was  
kept very busy training the Government trotting horses  
at Mystic Park. He now wrote to ask Clara to run out  
to the Park some day and marry him, as it was very  
lonesome out there, and he could not leave, as one of  
his horses was down with the Botts and the other had  
the Mumps.

Clara immediately sent him a postal card, saying that,  
considering the size of his income, she felt herself in-  
sulted, and wished him to emphatically understand  
that she could never be anything more to him than a  
sister or housekeeper.

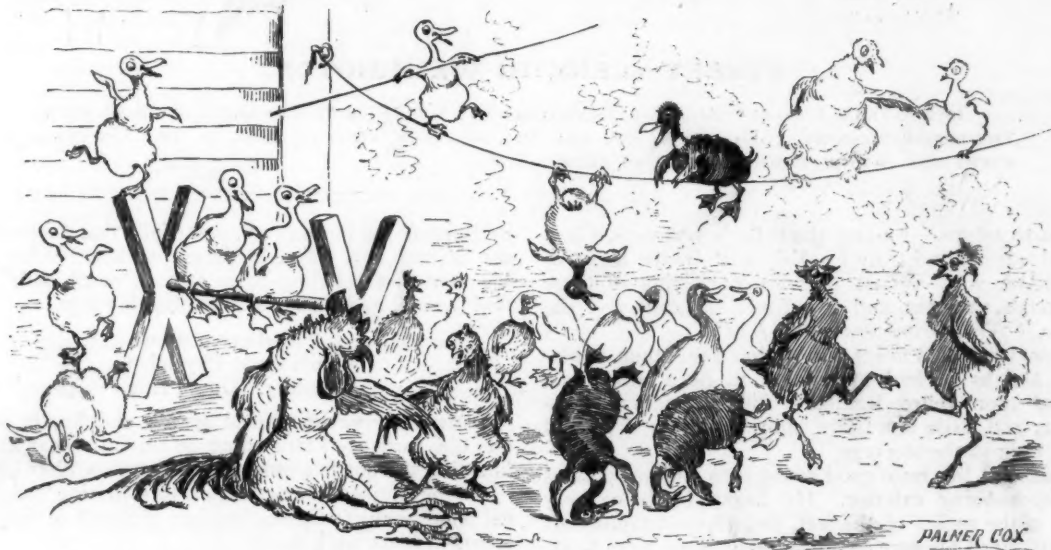
This brought Moses up to town in a fine mood, and



FARMER SMITHERS JOINS A TEMPERANCE CLUB  
AND THROWS OUT HIS BRANDIED CHERRIES.



THE POULTRY GATHER TO THE FEAST.



RESULT.

he told Clara that she was unfeeling and heartless, and needed toe-weights on her conscience, but she only laughed and told him to go and get a glass of sarsaparilla soda and he'd feel worlds better. Whereupon Moses went and drowned himself in the Brewer fountain.

The next day Clara went to spend a few days at Cohasset with her father's old friend, Captain Perafel Suttan.

Now Captain Suttan was one of those rare exotics

known as self-made men. He had begun life as commander of a canal boat, but suffered so from sea-sickness that he was obliged to resign. After this he turned his attention to the ministry, but finding that there was no money in this branch of industry, he gave it up and became an undertaker, and, during the summer months, kept a boarding house at Cohasset. These two professions dovetailed together most beautifully, the result of his summer labors keeping him fully employed during the winter.



## STREET SCENE IN WASHINGTON.

THE GREAT CHIEFS, BLOOMING-THUNDER, DID N'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED, MAN-WITH-THE-BEE-IN-HIS-BONNET, BUSTED-FLUSH AND SON-OF-A-GUN, FIND AT LAST, IN THE CAPITAL, SOMETHING WHICH REMINDS THEM OF HOME.

But to return. Among the sutler's boarders, Clara found a really and truly English lord by the name of Rainhard, with a coat of arms, consisting of three umbrellas, rampant, and two foxes, scootant, and the motto, "*Nella primavera andrà bene*."\*

Now, Clara had never known but one other nobleman, and as he had turned out to be a waiter, she looked upon young Rainhard with considerable suspicion, and made him fairly jump by asking if he had come over in the steerage.

Rainhard, like most good young men, did not possess a prepossessing exterior. He began by being very large in the region of the feet, and tapered rapidly afterward, until his ears were reached; these were huge, and as they stood out straight from his head, were a great assistance to him when going before the wind. As his head had never hardened on top, he kept it shaved and kalsomined, and altogether his appearance rather justified Clara's suspicions, and showed her good sense in refusing him the first time he offered himself.

## GROAN THE SECOND.

IT now struck Clara that, as her father had left her penniless, she had better be doing something towards earning her living. She therefore went up to town and assisted at the auction sale of her old home

by running the bidding up so skilfully that the auctioneer immediately offered himself to her. After this she went to a boarding-house at the "south end," settled herself, and hung out the following sign!

"Madame Celeste,  
Clairvoyant Physician,  
Room 3. Do n't ring."

Patients, however, proved scarce, and finally, when one did turn up, Clara came so fearfully near killing him that she got frightened and took down her sign.

She next turned her attention to soliciting red flannel handkerchiefs for the heathen of South Africa, and failed to make up a dozen.

By this time our heroine was thoroughly discouraged, and in addition to everything else, all the cabmen to whom she owed money, formed a cab-stand in front of the house and spent their leisure moments in dunning her.

At this juncture, however, she was smitten with a brilliant idea!—she would become a performing bicyclist! like the young lady she had once seen at the Howard Athenæum. So hurrying to the rink, and forgetting she was pigeon-toed, she mounted a machine and started off, but alas! the toes of both feet caught in the spokes of the wheel, and she landed in the Mass. General Hospital!

Here she was treated with every consideration, as the employés imagined her to be a person of vast

\*It will be all right in the spring.



importance from the fact that a cab-stand sprang up in front of the hospital soon after her arrival; and, a week later, when she was discharged, the cabs all followed her, the effect being that of an Irish funeral, beautiful to behold.

Clara was now desperate, and felt that the only thing left for her to do was to investigate the financial condition of young Rainhard and make what use of him she could. So with this object in view she hooked a ride on a freight train to Cohasset, where, on arriving, she found his Lordship very low and delirious with malarial fever. She also found, while rummaging among his effects, a check for half a million dollars, so she immediately sent for a clergyman and was then and there married to him,—not without difficulty, however, for she was obliged to shake the responses out of him very gingerly indeed.

The moment the ceremony was over, however, Rainhard sat up and took off his ears, eyebrows, and wig.

"It's Moses!" shrieked Clara and sat down on the floor.

Moses smiled, and the Parrot which he had brought with him from his desert island, chuckled audibly.

"Is the check bogus?" gasped Clara.

"No," answered Moses, "it was given me for my novel, 'Robinson Crusoe,' just published in the 'Century,' and as the theme was so very original, the editor let me fill out the check to suit myself."

"And O Moses!" said Clara, "you know I always loved you!"

"Yes," said Moses, "always; and the Parrot, sitting on the pallid bust of Phallas, the trotting horse, took up the refrain and murmured softly "Always,—Always!"

ROLAND KING.

THE END.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."—Chinese lanterns.

### RONDEAU.

(On a tress found in an old folio of Wycherly.)

SOME dead girl's hair! Ah, who can say  
If next a fond heart once it lay;  
Or, cast with cynic jest aside,  
Was after used—since some deride—  
To mark this rare old, vicious play?

Haply its owner had her day  
Of rout, intrigue and passion's sway,  
Whose latest subject prized with pride  
Some dead girl's hair!

Or yet, perchance, a curled *roué*  
Came soft-shod, seeking his pure prey;  
Playwrights, ye know how men have lied,  
How weary hearts, betrayed, have sighed—  
Was this her guage-tress flung away—  
Some dead girl's hair?

JOHN MORAN.

### • VERY FUNNY, INDEED.

'T IS strange that such an awkward man  
Should be so full of Grace;  
'T is strange that such a sinful man  
With her should find his place.

'T is strange that such a carnal man  
So longs for Grace at meals,  
And prays for Grace, and lives for Grace,  
And light o' Grace e'er feels.

O, why should a respected man  
Fear his good name misplaced—  
Fear that upon some woful day  
He'll find himself *dis-Graced*?

'T is strange, three days of Grace enough  
To many men appears,  
While yet I'd discontented be  
With forty thousand years.

E. L. F.



IT is said that the author of "The Breadwinners" and the author of "A Newport Aquarelle" have both been discovered by the college of Boston critics. This is tremendously interesting news. It is of great moment to know that either book had an author, and it is only with a thrill that we can pause to contemplate the fact that the author is known to the college of Boston critics. Wise critics! Great authors! But, will somebody please tell us if either book is worth the miserable fuss made over it?

WE are glad to welcome into the world "The English Illustrated Magazine" issued by Macmillan & Co., which goes at sixpence. If the contents of the initial number are not above the standard adopted by its conductors, the magazine will not search long for public favor. Papers by Huxley, William Black and Maitland, a poem by Swinburne, and the opening chapters of a new novel by Charlotte Yonge, all illustrated with exquisite taste and skill, are among the attractions it offers. There is abundant room in the field, and the *debut* of so dainty and scholarly a periodical can be hailed but with pleasure.



LET APPETITE YIELD TO REASON.



SALVE, IRV

*Britannia:* WHY, COLUMBIA, DEAR, YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE HOW IMME

*Columbia (from across the pond):* O, YES, HE WILL; YOU FORGET ON WH

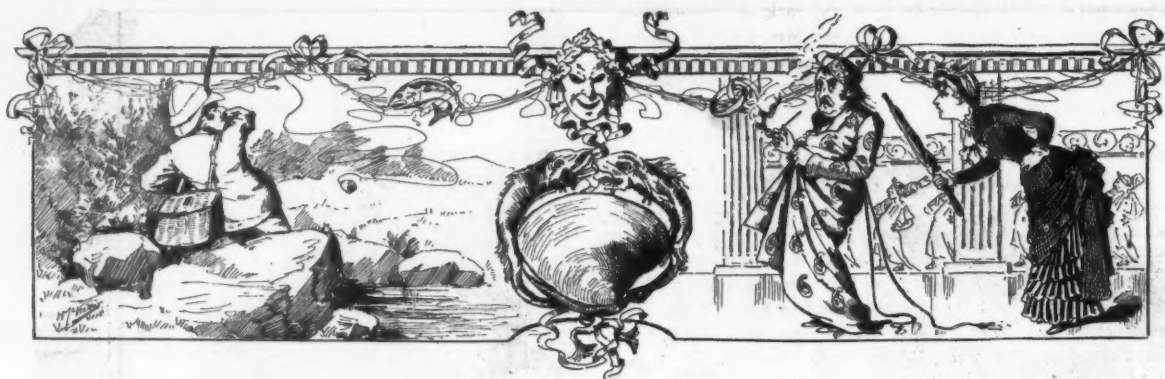




WELCOME, IRVING!

HOW IMMENSE HENRY IS. HE CAN NEVER GET UNDER THAT LITTLE ARCH!

GET ON WHAT A DIFFERENT SCALE EVERYTHING IS OVER HERE.



## DE PROFUNDIS CLAM-AV-I.

A FISHERMAN on trout intent  
Had cast his line right merrily ;  
He wanted trout, and never meant  
With other fish to be content ;  
And so he fished quite warily.

But when at last a bite he got,  
And hauled in with celerity,  
Instead of trout, for which he sought,  
He found that he a clam had caught,  
Despite his great dexterity.

I loved a very stately maid ;  
She bore herself impressively ;  
With manner grand, demeanor staid,  
She was a most impressive maid.  
I loved her quite excessively.

I married that majestic girl,  
Rejecting others scornfully.  
I thought I had of pearls the pearl,  
I never saw so grand a girl ;  
But now I mourn quite mournfully.

Well !

It was a really handsome clam,  
Quite free from pomp and vanity ;  
But still the fisherman said, "Dam !"  
'T is not a trout ; 't is but a clam,  
And therefore my profanity."

H. A. FREEMAN.

## MOTTOES FOR THE MANY.

THE Judge's.—Make way while the Court fines.

The son-in-law's.—A bride cometh before a squall.

The bird fancier's.—All that twitters is not sold.

John Kelly's.—Civil service reform fathers no boss.

The plumber's.—It never drains but it costs.

The cremationist's.—One good urn preserves you, brother.

The dunn's.—Where there's a bill there's a pay.

The priest's.—While there's life, there's Pope.

The dairymaid's.—It's a cold day that has no churning.

J. J. J.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. VI.

"The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come—your hovel !  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart,  
That's sorry yet for thee."—*Lear*, III., 2.

THE author of these papers regrets to announce to his several gratuitous correspondents of the week past, that he has been compelled to exile their contributions to that mysterious wicker bourn whence no contribution ever returns.

"Why not touch up Mrs. DE PUGSBY ?" asks a fair, but, I fear, somewhat malicious one of these. "She has an income of exactly \$3,600 a year, and she spends \$3,000 of that in house rent, that she may live on Fifth Avenue. Madame CRETONNE told me yesterday that she has owed her \$761 for two years, and I *know* that last Thursday BISQUE, the caterer, positively refused to furnish the dinner she was to give Mr. BELFAIR, the young English millionaire, on the ground that she had not paid for two served last spring. Her three daughters are so palpably in search of"—etc., etc.

Now, this is all very wrong. Why, in the name of humanity,

when a fellow mortal is already upon the rack, should gall and hyssop be forced to her lips? Poor, dear Mrs. DE PUGSBY! I know her very well. Except to tradespeople, who somehow always bear the brunt of fashionable sins, there is not a more inoffensive person living. Her "little Mondays," as she calls them, are very enjoyable in a certain way, and the sangaree which she dispenses at precisely eleven o'clock on those luxurious occasions, is a miraculous exhibition of how far one bottle of claret can be made to go. You will meet, at all the little Mondays, the Rev. Mr. BROADVIEW, whose campaigns against Satan are so polite that the most sensitive of sinners listening could not feel himself personally aggrieved; you can hear the exquisite rippling French of Monsieur PETTIPOIS, the eminent professor of Continental language, to whom a would-be girl pupil must be formally introduced by a person of acknowledged social standing, before she can be admitted to his class; you can enjoy Herr DONNERBRETZEL's latest improvisation, which bears so close a semblance to something by Liszt that for the life of you you cannot tell why Liszt is so honored and DONNERBRETZEL so unsung; you can chat with a real Baron (German) who is a *virtuoso* on the violin, and breathe the same air which is breathed by Mr. MARJORIBANKS CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON, who, it is whispered, is the fourth son of the Hon. GEOFFREY FITZ-SIDDON, M. P., whoever he is, from Griggsbury, wherever that is—and, in short, be on affable terms with quite a number of great and delightful people. Later in the evening, when the spoonful of sangaree apiece has fired the ambition of all hands round, the real spirit of the little Mondays begins to assert itself. Then it is that Miss AGNES DE PUGSBY's latest French poem, written after only nine lessons from Mons. PETTIPOIS, will be read by the learned professor himself; Miss Ethel will be persuaded, after much difficulty, to bring down from her studio on the fourth floor, the unfinished pastelle portrait of Lady AUREA BEAUCHAMP, the latest London success, which everybody present, never having seen Lady AUREA, pronounces to be a speaking likeness; the Baron will recite his favorite passage from Heine, which fortunately his hearers cannot understand; Mr. CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON will relate again, by unanimous request, his excruciatingly funny story of how the young EARL of CLAWHAMMER snubbed Mr. TOMKINS, the rich American, at the Savage Club, last season; and, as a grand *finale*, Mrs. DE PUGSBY herself, after a half hour of wild pleading, expostulation and argument, will consent to send cold chills up and down everybody's spine by warbling in a voice as thin and sharp as was the precious sangaree, a little song she once composed in French, taught her by Mons. PETTIPOIS, and set to music by no less a *maestro* than the great DONNERBRETZEL himself. The preparations for this enormous event are fittingly impressive. The piano stool is screwed up by Miss ETHEL DE PUGSBY and then down by Mr. CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON, who rushes to assist her, and who is said to be—but that is gossip; the Baron, aided by Miss DE PUGSBY—and, dear me, how long it takes them!—combs over the music rack to find the song; Herr DONNERBRETZEL seats himself and hammers out a preliminary agony; Mons. PETTIPOIS twists his moustache and falls into his favorite pose, and Mr. BROADVIEW adds a last entreaty to those already brought to bear upon the shrinking lady, and himself escorts Mrs. DE PUGSBY to the piano. Then the Baron evolves his violin from its case, causes it to emit one or two dozen of those delightful little squeals without which no violin can be scientifically tuned; a polite hush falls upon the company, and then,



### HOME INFLUENCE.

*Mama (aghast):* MARY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU REFUSED HIM!

*Miss Mary:* CERTAINLY; HE SAID HE HAD ONLY TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

*Mama:* GOODNESS GRACIOUS! TEN THOUSAND! WHEN WE UNDERSTOOD HE WAS RICH! AND NOW, TO THINK OF THE DINNERS AND TIME AND POLITENESS WE'VE WASTED ON THE CREATURE!

with a simultaneous whoop, scrape, rattle and bang of all three performers together, the triumph of the evening begins.

Of course it must be admitted, that between the tremendous delirium of the thumped piano and the frenzied yelps of the rasped violin, Mrs. DE PUGSBY's voice has but little chance, but it is heard once or twice above the tumult, especially towards the bitter end, and of course, provoked a whirlwind of enthusiasm and an encore. And so the little Monday ends, very delightfully indeed.

Now why should Mrs. DE PUGSBY be "touched up," by LIFE or by anybody? She does nobody harm. I have yet to hear her make one malicious remark concerning the bitterest enemy, while her charity for her neighbor's short-comings covers many a flagrant sin. Her's is a bitter lot—a cruel cross to bear; the meanest artisan from his tenement hell would not change places with her, did he know her as I do. Why then add a straw to the burden?

It may be said that Mrs. DE PUGSBY is a deceiver; that she lives in a state not properly hers; that she starves to shine, and shines to no purpose. Well? God help us, we are liars all, one way or another; and poor, dear, little Mrs. DE PUGSBY with her Fifth Ave-





Aunt Lindy: FO' DE LIFE O' ME, CHILE, I CAW N'T 'MAGIN WHY YO 'SE SO LITTLE.

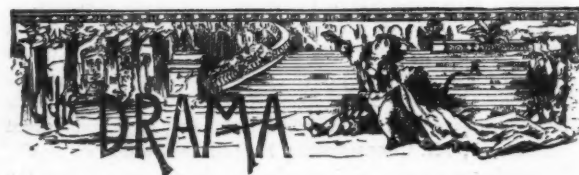
Winnie: WHAD A 'DICKLUS QUESTION. I WAS B'ON LITTLE—DAT 'S WHY. YO' TINKS I MADE MYSE'F, DOES YER?

nue home and borrowed *coupe* and consumptive cake and dropsical sangaree, is no further from truth in appearances than is Mrs. VERBRUSQUE with her patronizing air and vulgar heart, or than Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, who tip-tilts her nose with aristocratic pretense when, away down in her small soul, she knows as well as I do that her ancestors were merely a lot of plain, grubbing Dutch squatters who would have ended their days in jail had there been anything like justice in the country at the time they flourished.

To Mrs. DE PUGSBY, those meagre little Mondays are bread, meat, fame, honor—life itself. To live in a Harlem flat, or on an unfashionable street, with never a Baron or a fashionable Professor, or a FITZ-SIDDON to dose with weekly sangaree, would be worse than death itself. To be sure, there her paltry \$3,600 might buy her food and raiment both comfortable and generous; tradespeople would not pester her doors; the postman would be less burdened with the yellow-covered threats of the grocer, the insult of the butcher and the heartrending appeal of the coal man; Madame CRETONNE would not be able to entertain her customers with the narration of that wrong which is now her theme, and Mrs. DE PUGSBY herself would not shrink with affright whenever she heard the door bell ring at odd hours, nor be compelled to take long detours in order to avoid passing cer-

tain shops in her walk. But her manner of life is a social necessity. She deceives no one. Not one of those who frequent the little Mondays are blind to what her life costs Mrs. DE PUGSBY. But this is a merciless world. The Professor laughs at her with his class; the German Baron declares that she runs him to death with invitations, and he is compelled to go; FITZ-SIDDON titters when the little Mondays are mentioned, and declares, he attends because it reminds him of the Zoo; and the great DONNERBRETZEL, with the usual German brutality, roars to his other pupils at her claims to a voice, and swears that he must either drown her high notes by the accompaniment, or go mad.

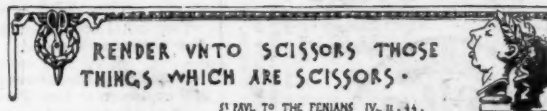
But why the necessity, you ask? Ah, lover of SOCIETY's gloved applause, can you not understand! Would the *Home Journal*, or the *Times* or *Tribune*, or *Sun* or *World*, or the toady-in-chief, our esteemed pink contemporary the *Telegram*, ever mention Mrs. DE PUGSBY's annual return from summer starvation as they do now, did she live honestly within her means in Harlem? Would the great Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON send her by a servant that annual card, did she not dwell on the Avenue? Would Mrs. STILTON or Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS ever call upon her, or Mrs. VAN KANTALOUPE give her upon the drive that nod of mingled insolence and condescension, were she modestly and dutifully what she should be? No. This is her price. These are the straws she catches at—the sedge on the shore of that land she may see but never enter. Of all the hard-pushed poor in this teeming metropolis—of all that know necessity's sharp pinch and the grinding of the world's heel, none more to be pitied than she. Touch her up, indeed! God forbid.



MR. CHARLES COGHLAN is an English actor who won much reputation here a few years ago. Then he went back to England, and was only induced to make a second visit to these United States by the æsthetic Mr. Stetson, who runs the *Police News* and the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Stetson has proved himself to be, in spite of his affiliations, an exceedingly liberal and enterprising manager. Rising to the spirit of the times, he girded up his loins for the purpose of getting together a stock company. That is no easy matter, by any means. Leading men and women are wonderfully rare creatures in these days. Most of those we know are obnoxious in one way or another. Mr. Stetson, however, sent a man to England, who prevailed upon Mr. Coghlan and Miss Florence Gerard to forego the luxuries of a higher civilization and to settle in New York. The two came to New York and appeared last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Money." Mr. Coghlan, it is understood, receives \$700 a week for his services as "leading man." Ah! would that we were all leading men. There is Mr. Mantell, over at the Fourteenth St. Theatre, who has made a sensation by his really vigorous and charming acting as "Fédora." Mr. Mantell was unknown two weeks ago. We looked upon him as a country bumpkin. But the bumpkin turned out a jewel of a leading man, and all the heads of theatres wanted to gobble him up immediately. Mr. Mantell was finally gobbled, for next year, by the Madison Square Theatre. Now what I want to say particularly is this: Mr. Coghlan is not worth—far from it—\$700 a week. Take his performances of Alfred Evelyn in "Money" as

an example of his acting. He jerks himself about the stage as though he was on hinges. He speaks as though his voice were pumped up by some internal—if not infernal—machine. He swaggers as if he owned the stage. There is a conspicuous lack of spontaneity, ease, grace, self-power in all that he does. I am not saying that Mr. Coghlan is a bad actor. There are men who are strong in spite of their faults. Mr. Coghlan is, to some extent, one of these men. He has a particularly fine intelligence. He is, like some troublesome poetry, immediately suggestive. He has the spirit of an artist. In characters which suit him perfectly, he is quite an artist. But—Mr. Coghlan is not worth his price. He should not have been imported at his price. However, Mr. Stetson stands the load, and has a right to pay for the whistle. Perhaps Mr. Coghlan was unfortunate when he chose to appear as Evelyn. The character is preposterous, farcical, stupid. Imagine a man who persists in doing and saying silly things, and who is, at the same time, a *poseur* for culture and refined cynicism. Were there ever two more exasperating persons than Evelyn and Clara Douglas? She talks of his cruelty, and he talks of her falsity. Naturally, they avoid a sensible explanation. When they can do nothing better, the one rails and the other weeps. Bulwer, it must be admitted, was guilty of some formidable literary crimes. But when he wrote "Money," he should have been squelched energetically. Was he squelched? Not at all. "Money" has been accounted a successful play. Its morality is soothing to the mob. Its gush and flummery inspire the tender hearts of women. Its noble picture of a hero who is constantly demanding ten pounds for his nurse, awakens deep emotions of philanthropy and charity. Every one applauds Evelyn, and few imitate him. So runs the world. Miss Gerard makes some rather melancholy "faces" in the part of Clara Douglas. She appears, however, to be a respectable actress. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh and Mr. Waldon Ramsay do the best acting in "Money." Mrs. Chamberlain should not exhibit her stockings too wildly.

VIXEN.



ST PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV, II, 34.

THE knowledge that dead bodies can be preserved a long time in the Polar regions must be highly encouraging to Arctic explorers.—*Chicago Times*.

A MICHIGAN man who lost both legs in a saw-mill now sits round and tells about the terrible battles of the late war. That's the sawed-off man he is.—*Boston Post*.

"So your husband is a critic? Now tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a play?" "Oh, dear, no! It would n't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question."—*Boston Transcript*.

"No," said mamma, "we can have no idea of what God is. He is beyond our comprehension." "Mamma," replied little Edith, "I fink I know what God is like; he must be like a bis'op, only p'aps not quite so gwand."—*Boston Transcript*.

THESE opera managers are shrewd. They start their people from the other side, one a day. Then it is telegraphed that Mme. Yelltherooft has sailed, and all the papers publish it. When she arrives the fact is announced, and the whole gang secure a heap of advertising for the show altogether.—*Boston Post*.

TWO "commercial tourists" met in the station the other day. "Hello, Charley," says No. 1, "have n't seen you in an age. What are yo doing now?" "Oh, I'm in the same old line," responds No. 2. "With the same house?" "Yes, the same old concern, but situated a little differently." "How is that?" "Well, I've got an interest." "Is that so? How long since?" "Since the 1st of the month." "How?" "Well, I dropped in the store at ten o'clock and the old man told me I had better take some interest in the business in future, or clear out. And so I took the interest."—*Boston Post*.

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fashion's ruffiest times.

THE hotel cook should be given a wide range.—  
*New Orleans Picayune.*

FORTY Chinamen have left California via a powder  
mill explosion.—*New York Morning Journal.*

By the way, a dog generally "comes to the scratch"  
in the attempt to "make both ends meet."—*Norristown  
Herald.*

"Yes," said Mr. Byrnesmonkey, "Tawmus improved  
an opportunity given him to speak after that dinner  
by keeping still."—*Boston Post.*

We read in an exchange of a young lady having been  
made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach  
young ladies to be constantly expecting something of  
that kind, and to be prepared for it when it comes.

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the recent statement that her health was delicate. We  
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about "Ouida."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left,  
in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would  
you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student—"Limp,  
too."—*German Joke.*

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DAVID DAVIS says a man will never sit long on a barbed wire fence unless there are bad dogs on both sides of it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"EUGENE L. DIDIER accuses Tennyson of plagiarism." Tennyson. We heard of Didier; but who the dickens is Tennyson?—*Norristown Herald*.

SICK MAN.—What! a female physician? I want a doctor to make me well—not a woman, to make love to me. Female physician (bashfully)—I promise to do neither.—*The Judge*.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village pastor: "No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine."—*London Baptist*.

WHEN an editor in Japan stays out with the boys all night, or attends a last spike banquet, or encounters some other obstacle that sets him back in his editorial work, the paper goes to press on time with two or three blank columns, and an unusually large edition is sold.—*Norristown Herald*.

SWEET little Meg came into her Sunday-school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and, looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were real scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."—*Ex*.

"No," said Mr. Littleman, "I did n't get the nomination for Governor; in fact, I was n't named for any office; but I had the satisfaction of hearing the president cry out amid the assembled thousands; 'I have a telegram for Mr. Small Littleman, of Squashville.' It cost me 25 cents, but by gosh! it was worth it."—*Boston Transcript*.

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